

War Against Humanity.

The creation of a disaster and why is it so unfair?

Hatred, something everyone has gotten, in a sense some people think it's pure nothing but because of the hate they make, it ends up killing them without knowing it, which go right ahead I don't mind but kinda do at the same time. You are just simply nothing but scum to this world or to even think about, nobody should want you or your body in any way.

I hate seeing people on a daily basis, just being so sensitive. Gives me one more reason to take off my glasses.

The human scum is color, and the way people are raised. I've grown around people who do not care or give one single care in the world and smoke their lungs out with weed or drink as much as they can like my own father.

I've grown to hate people, and society, it's truly not my fault though, it never was. but all of you and the world have done to me is pick and tease me, you've pushed me into a corner with no help whatsoever.

Humanity is filth and I don't like filth nor want to live in it nor should anyone else and I know it follows me and how it has followed me and will follow everyone because of how the world is runned.

There were so many things I wanted to do as a kid, yet I can admit I was afraid of the other kids, and also even with my own parents but I don't even trust them and at that age as well I didn't and I never will.

My parents are scum, there is nothing that will save them to make me think good of them Ever again. No family to ever trust and to never trust society, there is Two people and only two people I will trust, one partially and one I would never doubt.

I can agree that I don't know what i'm doing with my life but neither did my parents or anyone around me, I have changed, and I will NOT go back to that, ever again. I'm hardened and I'm different.

This situation and the situation of a lifetime is a get the fuck out moment and don't come back, I will never go back and nag my way through life. It's not even my fault though, it's everyone else's, it has to be theirs and not mine.

It's pure idiotic from people to cause this, but it's a good thing that this happens, it always is and there will always be a reason for this and reasons for other shootings unless it's some indian guy who wanted to blow up just for the fun of it, which is what those people do. I find that a bit funny, not really funny to the point I'd laugh my ass off but still, maybe you get the point here, or maybe you don't and think I might be crazy.

Maybe you'll see me as a weirdo, a freak just as some of you do now but I'm not, I am not like the others, I would never ever want to be like them, with how they think and what they do on a simple day. I hate how the population thinks, grows, and talks and how they make romance fake. If only some days we could do a public execution, that would be gladly needed. I wouldn't mind throwing some stones at idiots or even watching from the far back when they get hanged.

Twitter can prove that for a fact, or so I think and I think a lot more than some people think I do or maybe they don't think what I think because most people can't do what I'm going to do.

Death is something most people need to embrace and accept, rather than running away from it.

Once you know, you'll be proven guilty on all charges and wish to be killed in any good way that is not simple and is more painful than anything or atleast I would hope on that behalf.

Revolution and Population.

The Revolution should be well
The Population should be well,
But it's not and never will be.
I want to change that, but will I truly?

The Population of scum has been worked over over the years as it did during the wars and fighting over what should be right and wrong.

The sick people will dissolve into dust and be forgotten about, you will ruin the human population and turn into whores of filth and beings that shouldn't live.

Whores and scum are things I hate the most and will always hate, you have no meaning, you and your parents should be hanged in front of everyone.

Niggers though, WORSE, once you sleep with one you are one, I dont care who you think you are or what you've done 'good' for this world of yours, it will never matter because you will always have no thought and no brain to continue with.

I hate looking at some of the people in the society, and seeing what they are and what they do with their lives, like how does one do that but i know how, out of scum and just pure retardedness.

I'm glad to be different, and not the same as other people, I know how to be formal, I know how to use my words, even if I get mad at you there has always been a reason, whether or not I despise you or just cause I can.

Some of you guys really do deserve the execution punishment, rather painful or not you deserve to be dead, but yet doesn't the whole world deserve that.

The main target has been anyone with some sort of feeling, or being of knowing any action to turn you wrong and left rather than the right and the better.

Either way, I will always hate humanity and it will never be overruled. If someday it's so 'overruled' and I shall never see that day and knowing how this world is and how everyone is scum of filth, nobody will ever overrule it and all everyone will be is some worthless thing.

Out of all serious talk though, how everyone forces either religion on others or how some people just disobey the right from wrong, and using the wrong for the worse.

What I'm simply doing is not wrong one single bit, maybe sure to some people due to its harmful studies according to some people.

The hate I get and the hate you get is mutual, you hate me and I will always hate you as well, no matter what you've done to me but you will always have a little place of hate.

I don't care what you think though nor would I really ever, I'd rather be dead than sit in a room all day no matter if it's school, work, or even my own room even if I like being alone, I will never be like anyone else and ruin my mind.

I am a part of the real thought and the real revolution.

Terror of shooters and the right from wrong.

18 year old **Pekka Eric Auvinen**.

November 7th, started at 11:40, of 2007.

2 years before my birthday on my birth date.

One true ideal of the so-called "future".

The future plan of Revenge from its own inspiration and more, leading more.

True inspiration, a mind of thought passed on from others rather than rotting, like everyone else, simply a guy who knew what he was doing, and not ruining his life and just rather making the world a better place instead.



18 year old **Arda Küçükyetim** also known as **skreewie**.

August 12th, at 6:25pm/18:25, of 2024.

Approximately 126 days apart from my own ending.

An Ultimate saint, deaths made or not still willing to do what he did.

A being of true nature, and being a word of the truth.

Someone I was Inspired by, maybe I didn't know him, but what stops me, what would have stopped him from doing what was right and now proven to be a true form of being and of simple hope.



18 year old **Vladislav Roslyakov**.

October 17th, at 11:40 AM, of 2018.

Masterpiece of a price.

My Introduction of myself.

My name is Samantha Rupnow,
I was born on November 7th of 2009, exactly two years after Pekkass attack.
Incredible am I right?

Nobody knows I'm doing this,
I got the weapons by lies and manipulation, and my fathers stupidity.
I planned on shooting myself awhile ago but thought maybe its better for evolution rather than just one
stupid boring suicide which hopefully ill reach that point.
I've planned this myself and nobody else.
I act alone.
There would have been no way to change what has happened.
You can't and you never will know, you never cared too much to know anything about me. I'm glad you
don't know.

I've always been a quiet kid I'd say, or at least that's what everyone else around me has said and never really had the brains for most things because I wasn't smart enough for people around me even though I'm good at science and some stuff.

Nobody really looked at me in a good way in elementary or middle school nor even highschool right now, doesn't matter much cause I like being alone.

Sometimes I just hate being picked on but yet I mourn for friends but sooner than later they'll leave.

My therapist sucks, he's just some weak and fat guy who doesn't deserve everything he has now, nobody deserves anything good.

My so-called family never included me because I was too weird for them, my father never treated me with respect. My father will always make me stand out in the worst possible way yet, bring up how I fail school or can't get out of bed simply because I don't want to leave. He makes me look like a freak to his family and friends, he says so much but look at his bad side.

My parents divorced quite a few times which didn't help me at all but not did it really affect me it just made me a little lonely because nobody was there for me and never really has.

My mother tried overdosing when I was around 12 or something, I don't care if she would have survived or died from it but yet she was still here, doesn't mean she actually was in my life.

I see my parents as failures for everything they've done to me and just kinda fucking with my life.

There never was helpful advice given to me, it was all bullshit, the world itself is bullshit to be fair though so why should I or you see so much in it.

I've never really liked my father to be exact, because honestly why should I, our hate is mutual to each other, he will never see me as his daughter.

He will never love me like he loved his ex or her kids or even alcohol but that doesn't matter, it doesn't matter anymore because nobody heard me out and just made fun of me my entire life and I'm sick of it.

I've been trapped and forced into my corner.

I hate this corner that I'm stuck in.

I hate humanity for forcing me into this little hole.

I once had this time when I was young.

You made me dig for so long and now I can't leave it but only look up at your smiles laughing at me.

I honestly don't remember how old I was, I know I was young but yet I remember everything that still happened because it happens every once in a while.

Never have I once brought this up to a therapist, anyone, because nobody cared at that time nor will now.

I saw things around me and I layed on the floor not being able to move, I was overwhelmed and tired, Hard Breath, Things around me felt bigger than usual and I was faint.

Once in awhile I get that same feeling just I know how to control it, that one night I begged for my mother to help me but she was in the next room to me in her apartment where she was with her boyfriend, awake cause all I heard was her walking right past me, and my room.

I was the wrong child of the family, my parents admit they didn't want me, nor never did even if i've grown. I'm always the one who sat out or sat in another room because they didn't want to interact with me at any point in time, then I stayed in my room all day during the day and night and after and before school as well.

Doesn't help that school was a pain in my ass while getting teased and pushed around, I always got picked on for being out of pocket as if the quietness was out of pocket for them and just too odd or something. I moved schools, what's already happening? Picked on again, just not any worse. I know this will happen anywhere and anytime in my life, but it's annoying. I'm starting to realize you will all die and perish and be forgotten in 20 years or less. Your family will think you are a disappointment, as the hate I have for you now isn't enough. I want to hate to tear you apart but yet won't happen because you are the reason hate is a thing, and will always continue to be a thing.

I am not hate, I am simply pointing this out.

You and the system will always suck, therefore we need revolution, nobody understands that though, nor do people understand the fact that they probably sat next to me in class and never thought a single word about me nor ever really thought to.

I don't really care though to be honest, nobody really has.

The wolf hunts its prey and continues life with no other bruises or scars. There is no predator and prey anymore, it is all filth walking. There's nothing more with filth, it simply cannot die or make hunts real if only they want is value.

“Finally, one learns that boredom is a disease of civilization”